BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY
Archives

# Congo News Letter

JULY
1946

## *TABLE OF CONTENTS*

1946 Conference ..... Eugene R. Abbott
An Interlude .... ..... .... .... ..... B.W. Armstrong
Vanga Church at Prayer, .... ..... Margaret Jump
New York to Leopoldville-42 Hours ..... Vendla Anderson
Mechanical Progress and Spiritual Problems T.P. &.N. Bubeck
The Class Of 1946 ..... Phyllis Benner
The Lord Is Risen ..... Doris Wiseman
First Impressions of Congo ..... ... .. Annis Ford
A Native's Return ..... .... ... T.E. Bubeck

NEWS ITEMS FROM THE STATIONS

Kikongo News Notes ..... . .. B W. Armstrong
and Gertrude Anderson
Vanga News Items ..... Doris Wiseman
Leopoldville News ..... Phyllis Benner
Sona Bata News ..... Roland G. Metzger

Light In Darkness ..... Meroe F. Morse
My Friend Boko ..... B.W. Armstrong

Published Quarterly by the
Missionaries of the A. B. F. M. S.

Published at Sims House Press, Léopoldville.
Subscription price 25 cents per year.
Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer A.B.F.M.S.,
152 Madison Avenue, New York, 16 N.Y.
Subscription price in Congo 10 francs.
Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L.,
A.B.F.M.S., Léopoldville II
Congo Belge.

# Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXXVII JULY 1946 No. 3.

## 1946 CONFERENCE

The week of June 9th saw an influx of "soldiers" into the former U.S. Army hospital barracks in Leopoldville. Only these "soldiers" were soldiers of Christ from the fields of Moanza, Kikongo, Vanga, Leopoldville, Banza Manteke and Sona Bata and from Kimpese, gathered for our 1946 Conference. With the U.M.H. full and overflowing and other places as equally full in Leo., it would have been impossible to find housing for the 34 adults and 15 children attending the conference had it not been for the barracks which were made available to us through the efforts of Rev. George Carpenter. The buildings which were being put in readiness for the West Central Africa Conference in July, provided comfortable and adequate accomodations for our conference. Certainly our thanks go to the Halls, our "host and hostess" of the conference, for their efforts to make things comfortable.

The conference was opened Thursday evening, June 13, with a prayer and praise service led by Dr. A.C. Osterholm. Although he opened the session with prayer and praise, instead of closing it as scheduled on the program, it was more fitting and impressive to open in this way. The theme of the service was "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul". How much there was for which to praise the Lord. The conference was much larger than last year, because of the return of a number of older missionairies. New missionaries had come out to the field during the year. The presence of Mr. Albaugh and Dr. Catherine Mabie was to prove a blessing to all of us. When Dr. Mabie responded to the welcome, on behalf of the visitors, all were aware that although retired from active service, she had not retired in mind, spirit or interest in the work of the Congo, where she laboured for so many years.

Perhaps no one would deny that this conference, like all conferences was tiring, but with the sessions broken by the devotional periods and the evening worship services, it was not as tiring as it might otherwise have been. Dr. Mabie, talking on the theme, "Love for our brethren", said that it sometimes takes a lot of loving, at first, in dealing with our native brethren, but it is possible to win out in the struggle. In another of her talks we were reminded of Paul's exhortation to Timothy: "But thou, O man of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." (*1 Tim. 6: 11, 12*). Mr. Albaugh, speaking on the theme of "Pressurized Living", pointed out that just as the modern air planes are equipped with pressure and temperature controls we likewise need temperature controls in our lives as well as a fresh stream of power constantly pouring in from outside in order to help us keep the controls—which source of power for us is God. Although not planned with a knowledge of the session that was to precede it, the truth of such a need was demonstrated by the stormy session that preceded the talk. Another of his services was on "Great Traditions" in which the importance of great traditions was put forth as an aid to laying out spiritual highways, and bridging great chasms in our great quest.

The evening devotional services were likewise stimulating, after strenuous days of conference business, committee meetings and even shopping trips. They were varied and worshipful and were periods of spiritual refreshment at the close of busy days.

The reports from all the stations were encouraging. Although they all began the year with inadequate staffs and under difficult circumstances they were able to report advances. Most of the stations were able to rejoice because of the return of old missionaries or the arrival of new recruits which raised and strengthened the spirits of those who were tired and overworked. Each one had one or more significant

achievement to report.

After talk for some years regarding the opening of a field among the Bayakas, consideration was again given but with more definite steps in this direction. The Bayaka people seem anxious for a station and more extensive work among them. For several years work has been carried on among those people to a small extent from several of our other stations, but there is a need for more intensive work. Therefore, a committee was appointed to investigate possible sites and to take steps toward a temporary occupation of a suitable site. In view of the fact that such procedure may take a year or two it seemed advisable to take such steps.

Favorable action was given another matter of long standing-the possibility of a rest house, perhaps at Thysville. A committee is to investigate the possibility of locating such a place at Thysville. Another important step taken was the appointment of a full-time field secretary. Rev. B.W. Armstrong was elected to serve in this capacity. Time and again the need for a field secretary, readily accessible and free of other responsibities has been demonstrated, so this step will undoubtedly be a great asset to carrying on the work in this field.

The question of designations, scheduled for Monday morning was postponed from session to session until finally presented on Wedensday evening. Many folks were on "edge" all that time, not knowing how to plan. When the slate was finally presented, the only moves of those now on the field were those of Armstrongs to Leo and Abbotts returned to Banza Manteke. Gittings are to be at Sona Bata for language study and so with the return of Misses Satterberg and Tice and the expected arrival of others who will go there for language study, Sona Bata will have quite an increase in population. Other stations must be satisfied with present staffs until some of the older missionaries return to the field or new appointees arrive.

At such a conference, relaxation is essential and even the ridiculous has a place. This happened on the last Friday evening when a fun night was held. Humorous musical selections, readings and stunts were given. The feature of the

evening was "Elmer's Travel Bureau, which scheduled trips to or through "Konko Bulge" by such means of transportation as train, airplane, automobile, push-push or on foot. C.E. Smith's trip by push-push (wheelbarrow), the arrival of the Gittings family by train from Port Francqui, the airplane trip by those who had actually come out to the field by plane, the walking tour by the family with eight children and the automobile which fell apart before the tour was finished provoked much laughter, giving facial and emotional exercise to all present.

Undoubtedly it would be the concensus of all that the conference was successful and stimulating for several reasons. First, a fine spirit existed on the part of all present. Despite differences of opinion on some matters, harmony and magnanimity were maintained. Secondly, the number of missionaries present was heartening as it represented the present strength of our Congo mission. Although still inadequate to meet the need for the evangelization of this area of Congo, it is a larger group than we have had on the field for several years. Also, as mentioned previously, the worship services and devotional messages brought to us a new awareness of the spiritual resources available for carrying on our task and a challenge to further lay hold on those resources. They helped us to go away refreshed and with new power to carry the message of salvation through Jesus Christ to our brothers in this land. The theme of the conference, "I will declare thy name unto my brethren" (*Hebrews 2:12a*) was evident as being the purpose and aim of each one present. The words in the 2nd chapter of Acts comes to mind at this time as appropriate for concluding this report: "They were all with one accord in one place.... And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (*Acts 2:1b,4*).

EUGENE R. ABBOTT

## AN INTERLUDE

Communications between Kikongo and the outside world being what they are, I left Kikongo bound for Leopoldville to attend the C.P.C. meetings in February, expecting to go on to Tondo for the formal transfer of that station to the B.M.S. I did not know that I could not get a place on the mail boat going down from Banningville, that Dr. Tuttle was already at Leopoldville as acting chairman of the C.P.C., that our passages to Tondo had been canceled, and that I would have to wait around a month before I could get back to Kikongo.

In blissful ignorance I arrived at Banningville to find that the State had requisitioned all places on the mail steamer for medical priorities so that the passengers could get to the hospital steamer waiting at Matadi. But I did get on an old freighter and was fed by the wife of a Belgian trader who was also unable to get on the mail steamer. Her husband was also a medical priority case but the steamer was simply overcrowded, and the captain could take no one on at Banningville. It was tough on the Dedecker family, but a good break for me. Otherwise I should have had to live on crackers and sardines for five days, I suppose, as the captain of the freighter furnished no meals for passengers, and I did not have a chop box along.

Of course I was late to the C.P.C. metings, but it did not matter much as our mission was well represented by Dr. Tuttle and Rev. Hall. One of the first things I learned was that the Tondo trip was off, there were no passages either by boat or by air except by top priority. The transfer was carried out by the missionaries on the station, with our society being represented by the H.D Brown familly and Marguerite Eldredge. They report a very satisfactory time and a feeling of mutual trust and good faith. We pray that God will continue to prosper the Church among the people of the Lac Tumba area.

The C.P.C. is making remarkable progress. The promise of the Government to accord equal rights and privileges

to both Catholic and Evangelical missions is a definite goal attained. Now we will need to bring our educational and medical work up to the high standard already obtained by the Catholics who have enjoyed numerous State subsidies denied to other missions. The union mission press under a new name already has a family under appointment; building construction is under way, and the press is definitely setting forward its plans to take active part in the development of the peoples of Congo. A new office secretary is on the job, search is being made for a successor to Rev. Coxill who is to move on to the Brussels office. Plans for the coming West Africa Conference are well advanced, and a man to act as educational secretary of the C.P.C. has been requested. The Union Mission House wants a single girl to act as manageress; and in general, the evangelical forces of Congo are well abreast of t e rapidly moving current of the post war world.

After a few days of hustle and bustle around the busy city of Leopoldville, it was a pleasure for the bushman from Kikongo to board the train bound for Banza Manteke. The Engwalls had returned, new missionaries studying language were there, and it was deemed wise to talk over the housing situation. The day I left Leo, a plane from the U.S.A. arrived with four missionaries and three children. It seems almost incredible after so many years of fruitless waiting for reinforcements. At Sona Bata I was joined by Dr. Tuttle who was also going to Banza Manteke on one of his regular visits for medical examinations and surgery. A sample of the life out here may be taken from the fact that Dr. Tuttle has lost six pounds in two months. Of course he glibly explained it all away by saying that it was just some excess fat he had accumulated on his furlough while doing farm work, filling speaking engagements, and taking some courses in new medical techniques. However, he would have made a very poor whale even on the first day of his arrival in Congo.

Alighting from the train at Lufu, we met Remy Malutama, a Banza Manteke student at Kimpese, who was being called home for a meeting to arrange for the Banza Manteke school work when Miss Bonar goes on furlough following this

school term. Remy is far and away the leading student at E.P.I. and we are all very proud of him and his record. In the old Banza Manteke truck we met a little bobbed-haired girl who introduced herself as Annis Ford. In her few weeks at Banza Manteke she has established her reputation as a worker, a student, a musician, a barefoot (tom) boy with cheeks of tan, with an ambulating appetite, and sundry lesser accomplishments. May her tribe increase! She piloted the old Ford safely from the railroad to the mission station where we had the usual gracious welcome from all members of the staff. Mr. Abbott just about wept from joy to learn that his wife and two little boys had arrived at Leo that very day. He was off to Leo the next morning. The Abbotts are the second of several much needed evangelistic families, being preceded by the Chester Jumps, and we hope immediately followed by the Gittings.

The Sunday service at Banza Manteke brought a deep satisfaction to me. Preceding the sermon, Remy gave a short talk, in which he set forth the fact that the white missionaries can and do accomplish a certain amount of work, but that to fully set forward the whole program of the Church, the Congo people must take their place alongside the missionaries, that the combined efforts of all are needed. Then he made a plea to the Banza Manteke school boys to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. More power to Remy and others like him, who after being trained for service take up that service with a good heart and a cheerful spirit. In the afternoon we went to the workmen's village of the large sisal plantation adjoining Banza Manteke where we had a baptismal service, sermon, and communion. Congo is developing her natural resources and the the people are leaving their home villages to follow lucrative jobs. We have to go along with them and Banza Manteke have set themselves to this part of their job. It was a good day.

From Banza Manteke I went to Kimpese for a visit with the international group of Christian teachers who operate the school there for training pastors and teachers. Here Swedes, Britishers, and Americans cooperate in a great

training program, the spirit of which is well expressed by the words carved on the communion table "Mu Luyindulu Luami" (In remembrance of Me). E.P.I. is surely a school which was started and is being developed in remembrance of Christ, and to prepare men and women to set forward His kingdom here in Congo. They were having a rather dim time at E.P.I. just then, due to having burned out both their generators at the same time. However, the repair man at Leo had assured them that this citadel of light could soon resume its normal status. The students represent a group even more mixed than the faculty. Remy still talks about his first arrival at E.P.I. when a Batatela student from the Methodist mission away up in the Katanga picked up Remy's suitcase and carried it up to the school from the railway station. Remy wanted to know why and the Batatela student said "Because we are glad to have you here at our school, and here we are all one, no matter what tribe we come from." This welcome from one who had come hundreds of miles to one who grew up almost in E.P I.'s back yard.

Outside the fellowship, there are other attractions at E.P.I. The guest room in the old Moon house has the best shower that I know of in Congo, and an unlimited supply of water. The Erickson's furnish a plentiful supply of good coffee, the arrival of Bobby has brought permanent smiles to the faces of the Halls, and it is always heart warming to hear the Swedes say, as they always do "You are very welcome here". Elmer Hall, the one-man committee on arrangements for our coming conference, had quite a lot to talk over with me on conference business. The renovation of both the old houses at E.P.I. is well under way and as usual, both our families there are doing a lot of work quite outside their regular duties in school. I very much enjoyed the base ball game; and if I remember rightly, my team quite soundly walloped Elmer's club, but then I had Remy on third base and he made a couple of spectacular catches. It was lots of fun even if we were late for supper.

The A.B.F.M.S. is honored in the choosing of Henry

Erickson as the first pastor of the new E.P.I. church.

I called in at Sona Bata as almost every missionary in Congo does. The guest list of that station would run into huge figures each year. The staff members there are their usual gracious selves, though Lillian Metzger had to do her smiling from in bed. They were rejoicing over the return of Vendla Anderson who gave a vivid account at the Sunday service of her trip out by plane. The Abbotts are moving into the old Coop and the Gittings will occupy the Frederickson house. One's heart does lift up over the coming of new staff for the mission. Sona Bata was without lights, water, a car, and a nurse but still not cast down. It was a relief and a comfort to see Jeannette Tuttle back at Sona Bata, but one does miss Ruth and Dean.

At Leo it was a delight to greet Ted and Pete Bubeck after their long exile from Congo. They have been marking time in Albion, Michigan, for a few years by leading the church there into giving an astonishing amount of money for missions. That does not surprise any one who knows the Bubecks. The fate of Moanza station has been heavy on our hearts after the enforced furlough of the Lewis Browns. Let us all join in prayer with Ted and Pete and Naomi as they go with light hearts to a heavy task at Moanza.

Harry and Linda Watkins are just about overwhelmed at Leo west. After carrying on alone since the departure of the Bajottis, acting as a union mission house annex for overflow passengers, having all the trouble of import licenses and so forth, they did get help when Phyllis Benner came. Now Miss Morse from America and the Harry Brown family from Tondo are all at Leo. What a change in staff, though it will be for only a few months. The Watkins family will go on a much needed furlough after the close of the fiscal year, and Harry Brown will take over. Miss Morse was a bit overwhelmed by Congo conditions at first, but we hope she will soon come to love it as we all do.

Hopes of coming up river with the Bubecks were dashed because they could not get on the mail steamer and I had already wired Kikongo to meet me on a certain date, and

therefore could not wait for the H.C.B. steamer. Smithy met me at Banningville, we picked up the Colldens on our side of the Kasai the next day, and got home to Kikongo well after supper time. Rhoda had written me to prepare an article for the Congo News Letter, but I had not done it, thinking to myself that I had just had a routine trip and nothing to write about. Last night at the supper table, Gertrude made the remark: "Life here in Congo is certainly interesting and moves swiftly". At times it takes a new voice to remind us just how interesting it is to be part of our great soul winning enterprise.

B. W. ARMSTRONG

## VANGA CHURCH AT PRAYER

They began coming almost before we had finished breakfast - the people from the villages who were to join us for a World Day of Prayer service. By nine o'clock it was almost impossible to hold classes at school. The teachers simply couldn't hear above the chatter outside the open windows. At nine forty-five when the signal was given to enter the church there was a mad scramble and the seats were filled before I could even begin playing the organ. What should we do? The school children, boys and girls, were just lining up outside, and there were many adults trying to find seats too. We partially solved the problem by sending the children to our mud church building for a service of their own, but even so there were twice as many people on the benches as usual.

It took Pastor Kohto's deep bass voice as he rumbled, "Kala pi", to quiet the congregation. But that's just the African way, for our Vanga World Day of Prayer service was the most meaningful I have ever attended. Perhaps it was because it was my first in the Congo, or perhaps because I had helped Kohto prepare the program, but I know it was also because God was there and many of us truly felt something of the world-wideness of Christ's love.

We followed the program as it had been sent to us but we also paid tribute to the missionaries and native Christians

of the Phillipines who gave their lives for their brothers and for Christ. After the pastor had told the story, as only an African could tell it, the large and noisy congregation was perfectly silent in tribute to those who gave their lives for that Cause in which we all have a part. And then Kohto prayed. We had had a longer prayer period previously, but it was Kohto's prayer that was world wide. He spoke in the Kihungana language so that we couldn't understand all that he said, but we know that he prayed not only for the African Church, not only for our Phillipine Mission, but also that God might be made known to the people of all nations —Germany, Japan, China, Africa, India, and America. His prayer was that individuals might know the Peace of God in their hearts, for only in that way can there be peace in the world.

A previous appeal for gifts to help rebuild the Phillipine Missions had been made and the Chritians had given their money to the village teachers. As we sang "Send the Light" the teachers or deacons came forward to put the contributions of their village in a box, The chairman of our Student Government came with gifts from the school. And then others eame too, some who wanted to give more, some who hadn't given previously. One of our young teachers who earns 35 francs (81 cents) a month came forward with an extra gift. We know that he had already given his tithe. Later the children brought 78 francs - their offering. It was all symbolic of the Vanga Church as they did their part to "send the light".

Their thousand francs isn't a large sum of money, but the love and prayers which accompany it increase its value. Services were held at some of our other posts. too, and the pastors wrote letters which they hope will be answered by their Phillipine Brothers. We'd like to share some of those letters now:

"To our brothers in the Phillipines,

We heard your story that you are praying much that God will help you again. All of us of the Kingangu Church are praying together that God will again turn His face to you, and revive you, and give

you His strength and His peace.

We prepared in fellowship, this little gift (420 francs) to help you a little. Receive this gift in the love of our Saviour, Jesus. We, the Church members of Kingangu, hope very much to receive an answer from you, our brothers in Christ."

* * *

"We are writing to you as bothers with one father-God. In Jesus Christ our Lord we share the fellowship of salvation and faith. Together we believe that Jesus died and rose again for us so that we can have life with Him. And since we have life in Him and you have life in Him, surely we are one There is no other way (*John 3:16*).

We have heard a great deal of the troubles and sorrows that came to you because of the war, and we pray together with you about them. We think of the many that were killed, many because they had a great hope and faith in Jesus Christ. We heard of your missionaries too, who died for that faith.

We think that now other missionaries have come to you to begin again God's work in your country, and we pray that these gifts we send may help our friends and brothers. It is not a large gift for we do not have many riches, but we send it with love in our hearts, and with rejoicing that we can be in fellowship with you. Receive this gift of 1269 francs to build again your churches. We do this in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and because we love each other. (*John 15:9-17; 1 Corinthians13:4-7*)"

* * *

"We of Belgian Congo, Africa, hear your story in happiness and sadness. But in our sadness we know that Jesus Christ suffered when he was on earth,

but He triumphed through God the Father. We are praying together with you that your sorrows may disppear. Can we help you? Yes. Why? Because we of the Congo have been helped by the church of England and America, and we want to show our gratefulness for our missionaries. And so we want to help you rebuild your work too."

* * *

World Day of Prayer at Vanga - just one link in the chain that binds all Christians together. But now the Vanga link is a bit stronger. The Vanga Church is growing because it is giving.

MARGARET JUMP

## NEW YORK TO LEOPOLDVILLE -- 42 HOURS

My departure from the United States was so sudden and the journey so speedy that all now seems like a strange dream. The travel by air was quite an adventure. We left New York City from La Guardia Airport on Wednesday morning, about 8:20. Before we started our journey, Pan American Aiwarys offered us a delicious cup of coffee. We had breakfast on the plane, dinner in Newfoundland, supper on the plane. The second day, March 7, we reached Ireland in time for breakfast, Lisbon for dinner, but supper was served on the Clipper. At Dakar, we found a midnight lunch ready for us. March 8, we had early breakfast at Monrovia and dinner in Leopoldville at about 11:12 A.M. New York time or 5:12 the same day, Leopoldville time. With the exception of Lisbon, where we stayed for three hours, our stops were only about 45 minutes. The speed at which we travelled was indeed astonishing. The world seemed very small, all of a sudden. At Dakar, I looked up and saw this notice:

"To Washington—5930 miles..... To Chungking—8951 miles."

There were nine of us in the party: Mr. and Mrs. Bubeck and daughter; Mrs. Abbott and two small children; Miss Morse

and myself. In all, we were 35 passengers, seventeen were missionaries, eight were little children. It was thrilling at La Guardia Airport to hear the call: Pan American Clipper —Leopoldville! We lined up, showed once more our passports, then through the gateway we went and up the steps to our plane. To my surprise, the Clipper was very comfortably arranged, like a beautiful up-to-date bus. The passengers were in a long room, with double seats on both sides of the aisle. A rack above held our small overnight bags, Pan American piliows, and blankets. In front was the Pilot's quarters and in back were washrooms and closet for coats. Up above in front, as we began our flight, we saw a lighted sign:

FASTEN SEAT BELT—NO SMOKING.

That meant that we must tie ourselves up with belts attached to the seats. This we did several times on our trip, upon starting or descending and when it was a bit stormy. Our altitude ranged from 8000 ft. to 9000 ft.

Flying like a bird through the skies, we saw the wonders of Creation. The stars were beautiful, and I shall never forget the magnificent northern lights from Newfoundland to Ireland. By dawn, the white and gray clouds were splendid, stately puffs of fog. Near the Equator, we ran into a rain storm which was white as snow. Lisbon was picturesque from the air and of course, we were fascinated by the Congo landscape. Because of the up and down currents of air over the mountains of French Congo, our pilot changed his course and followed the Congo River from the ocean to Leopoldville. The great Congo we saw in miniature, and how interesting were the clusters of villages! The whole trip filled me with awe and my thoughts were led to these words of the Psalmist: "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hath set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Grateful to God for His mercy to mankind, I said with the Psalmist: "I will praise thee O Lord with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvelous works. I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High."

The sudden change of climate, winter in U.S.A. to hot season in Congo, was somewhat of a shock physically. Never before have I realized what humidity we have in Congo! In Leopoldville, for two days, I lived beside the Congo River and though it was 80° f. in the shade, I was chilly and felt wet. It seemed to me that I was in the midst of a heavy fog. At Sona Bata, however, where we have an altitude of over 1600 ft. above sea level, I was soon dried out. Of course, when I arrived here, I was beginning to get adjusted to the Congo air.

I must say a few words, too, about the welcome I received. The white missionaries and the whole school were at the railway station to meet me. They sang several songs and in many ways gave me a most hearty welcome. When we finally reached the hospital grounds, I was surprised to see the nurses lined up to sing for me. We went to the Tuttle house for a cup of coffee. Jeannette, (Mrs Tuttle), said, "Roland, I think we ought to have a prayer." Roland, (Mr. Metzger) prayed and we all shed a few tears of joy, because we were together again. The Metzgers took me to my house where I had another surprise. There were the Sona Bata Church School children, waiting to greet me. The Sunday following, I spoke to our church congregation. All were very interested.

Since I arrived, we have had a big church Conference at our station and 942 were here for a few days. The delegates from our 46 churches numbered 147 of whom 16 were women. Only delegates could vote.

I am very happy to be back again. It was good to be home to regain strength and meet relatives and friends, but my heart is in the work here. There is much to do and the coming years will not be easy, but let us lift up our eyes to the Lord, for from Him only will come the help we need.

VENDLA ANDERSON

MY FOURFOLD PRAYER

For the gift of stength and health
And for friendship's boundless wealth,
For the power to think aright,
And for religion's guiding light —
We give Thee thanks. — *Anonymous.*

## MECHANICAL PROGRESS AND SPIRUTUAL PROBLEMS

"Time makes all things better." Thus ran a recent advertisement for motor oil which may be true of oil, cars, planes, firearms, atomic bombs, etc. but it is certainly not true of "all things."

The statement was all the more amusing since it was read a few moments ago as I sat in a mud house with a thatched roof through which the rain was pouring and which had not improved with time. And this letter is being written while on a trip through the district of our Moanza field which, while it was not one of the theatres of the war, yet it suffered keenly directly and indirectly as the result of it. Never have we seen the spiritual life at a lower ebb. Worldliness, secularism, synicism and other evils have grown like weeds "while men slept."

Before leaving home on March 6th friends often remarked, "You'll probably see a tremendous change in the Congo since you left." A change which they thought would certainly be for the good. One is, of course, impressed by the tremendous changes which have come in seven years, but only the blindest optomist would consider them all good. Cities have grown, industry has increased, certain wearing apparel has become more common, (and flimsy,) but the saddest change is the dissatisfaction and discontent evident everywhere. It is another evidence that contentment does not come with social and economic changes. One is reminded of the humorous definition of life as "a constant struggle of man to lift his earning power up to his yearning power." Knowledge has greatly increased, but so has also the misuse of it.

Another mark which the war has left on the heart of Africa is evident in so many villages from which boys have been drafted for military service. Indeed from the "smoke of a thousand fires" the thought of which drove Livingstone into the heart of Africa, boys have been drafted to participate in a world war. From North Africa, Burma, Ethiopia and Palestine they have returned with a new point of view.

"The Congo Mission News" reports that a number of them have found Christ and were baptised, some in the Nile, some in the Jordan, others in the Mediterranean, at the foot of Mt. Carmel. But some returned to bear witness of other things. Yes, changes have come, but they have been varied.

Of course we were constantly aware of change as we flew by plane from New York to Leopoldville in fifty one hours, actually only forty-two hours in the air. One day we flew over icefloes, the next over thatched-roof houses and banana groves. That has become a rather common experience these days, but one which is very apt to mislead us. Such scientific, educational, social and ecomonic changes, as someone has recently well said, "may be either good or bad for man. It depends on the kind of man he is. And the kind of man he is depends on something other than such changes." We shall aim, of course, at more substantial changes in our work. To watch the Gospel of Christ, "the power of God unto salvation," transform men and women into new creatures "in Christ" will be our greatest joy through the years that lie before us.

After waiting a number of days at Leopoldville for passage up river we spent eleven days on a dirty river boat. But what a royal welcome awaited us upon our arrival at Vanga. I doubt if we shall ever forget it. The teachers and school children together with the hospital personel and the white missionaries lined the bank and sang gospel hymns as we drew near the shore.

Two days later we left Vanga by light truck for the trip overland to Moanza, a distance of 186 miles. There was a time, not too long ago when we made the trip on foot in seven days. Now we make the trip over fair roads in ten to twelve hours so that we reached Moanza late that same day. What a welcome we received there! We were gratified to know that we were among friends or else we would certainly have concluded that they were after our scalps or skulls. They surrounded the car so that for a while it was impossible to reach the house. Then they surrounded the house and cheered and yelled and sang for well over half an hour. Only when promised

that the following day would be set aside for a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing did they disperse for the night. How glad we were to be able to join Eva and Alice, the two single girls who had been carrying on alone since the departure of the Browns! And what a day of rejoicing we had the day following our arrival! Shall we ever forget it! We thanked the Lord for having made our return possible and they thanked Him for having brought us back. Two things greatly impressed us: In prayer and otherwise they always referred to Naomi as "our child" or "our little sister." And when they brought us gifts they refused gifts in return, something most unusual among our people.

Life in the bush has its humorous aspects also. Leaving for a trip through the district so soon after arriving at Moanza made it necessary for me to take an inexperienced boy along as a cook. He was willing enough, but lacked experience in the art of preparing food. The first evening out I suggested soup for supper. I told him to add water in amount equal to the soup in the can and to let me know when it reached the boiling point. I watched him a few minutes later place the unopened can in a cooking pot, pour about a can of water over it and place it on the grate over the fire.

In serving also he relied more upon intuition than upon instruction. He would serve the food when ready irrespective of whether I was there or not. As a result I frequently sat down to meals as cold as though they had been prepared by refrigeration. I suggested that he call me first and then bring on the food as I ask for it. He was determined to make good and follow his instruction to the letter. I sat down and after waiting a few minutes indicated that I was ready. Still no food. I called for the potatoes which were brought immediately, but nothing else. Unless I mentioned everything I was sure to miss out on something. If I called for coffee I was served coffee without milk unless I asked for it, oatmeal without milk or sugar until I asked for it, bread without butter unless I called for it. I finally got fed up asking for things and concluded that there is such a thing

as learning a lesson too well. I still get nothing without asking for it, but why grumble, I'm getting just what I asked for.

Yes, Congo presents a varied picture, one which makes one keenly aware of the inevitable struggle of life between light and darkness, life and death, truth and error. Even the missionary is conscious of a constant struggle in his own soul, a struggle to keep his spiritual life fresh and keen, to maintain at the highest his spiritual faculties and constitution in defiance to those who have no regard to their own, to keep his message spiritual and strong, with a challenge in it as he presents the gospel true and plain and thoroughly, to use his time wisely under the Spirit's direction, to be patient, yet not soft, loving yet not sentimental confident, yet not complacent, determined yet not stubborn, orderly yet not enslaved to any plan or program, looking along to the Spirit to reproduce His life in others. In this we ask your fellowship and thank you for your continued prayerful interest.

TED, PETE and NAOMI BUBECK.

## THE CLASS OF 1946

Once upon a time, way back in the month of April of 1946 the staff of the Banza Manteke school made plans for graduation of its sixth year students. These students had finished the top year of the station shool the previous year and had spent the intervening year teaching in the regional school of the Banza Manteke field. Their year of teaching was done and they were entitled to receive their certificates. To graduate a class is always a serious business. It is symbolical of so much. Hope springs up anew at such a time.

Now in those days there went out a decree from the powers that be of the school that all students of the graduating class come to take part in the program. They came from Lukunga, the former station on the old Stanley Trail; and from Palabala, the pioneer post of the Banza Manteke field and of the whole American Baptist work in Congo; and from

the Bangu, that high mountainous almost unattainable plateau near Kimpese. And one even came down from Leopoldville where she had been doing her year of work in the Leopoldville West School.

The last member of the class had looked forward to this occasion for some weeks. Banza Manteke will always be very special for all the members of that class, but for that one particular member it will also stand for home. I say that member looked forward to going down UNTIL a letter came from the director of the school saying that the various members of the class were being asked to sing or speak, and that *She* was to give the commencement address. Then the joy went out of her heart. Speaking at commencement is the privilege and the duty of a person well versed in educational matters or well known in some special field. She was far from attaining such a status. And speaking in the native language of Kikongo is still an ordeal to be faced with literal fear and trembling. And besides all that, she would have to speak to her own class, and of all the people in Congo they knew best her deficiencies in language. They had tried to train her, and almost given up.

It was in just such a mood that I went down to what had at first promised to be the happy reunion of all of us at the graduation of my class at Banza Manteke. Four months work with the class in 1945 entitled me, we all felt, to the privilege of being a real member of the group and not just a visitor. I was eager to see once again that very special group with whom I had worked. I wanted to see how they had developed; and I shall confess this, too, I wanted to put on a more intelligent act with them in Kikongo than I had in previous meetings. My recent passing of my second year exam gave me a false feeling of confidence in that respect.

When we got off the train on the Friday in the first full week of May I was reminded of my first arrival at Banza Manteke way back in the dark ages. To be a little more exact, it was on the 29 th. of December, 1944. I call it the dark ages because that was before I had been introduced to the native people here and to their language and way of doing things. On that momentous day we came into Lufu

(the railroad station nearest Banza Manteke) in the pouring rain. No one was there to meet us; they didn't know we were even in Congo, although we had sent them a card from Matadi. We had to stumble along in halting French to make them understand where we wanted to go, and then we had to wait hours for a truck because the roads were all washed out from a heavy storm.

This time there was no one to meet us, either; but the mail boy was there to tell us of the arrangements made for the truck to take us out to the station. I knew the people, I could speak the language, and the sun was shining. And the crowning achievement was that I knew enough to get into the truck from the left hand side, for the steering wheel was on the right, as is common out here. I felt as if I had arrived. I could even talk with the truck driver, and I knew the landmarks along the way. It was very pleasant in the midst of changes to know surely where I was going.

I could tell Vivian Abbott, who had gotten on the train at Sona Bata and had not yet seen Banza Manteke, all about the pineapple plants and the rolling hills in the distance and the red clay on the roads and where the Congo River was. And, best of all, I knew when the station came in sight. There was the the water tower in the distance where we had picnics on nice evenings; and there was Esther Ehnbom's hospital; and there was the church, set on a hill; and over in back and to one side were the school buildings. It was all the way I had left it. And there were the children rushing out to meet us, and the older students at the end of the road. As we got closer I could see the office door open and I knew that the teachers were coming out to greet us. We went on down past the residences and stopped in front of the store. And suddenly our Banza Manteke friends were upon us.

There was Martin Engwall and his family about whom I had heard so much but until now had never seen. And there was Esther and Tata Malutama and all the teachers. And standing quietly in the background was Mary Bonar,

the beloved teacher of us all. In the rush of getting our belongings off the truck I forgot to look for Annis Ford. But, as I was struggling down the path trying to be sure that my belongings got to the right house it began to dawn upon me that I hadn't seen her. Since we are both from New Hampshire I felt quite sure that she wasn't afraid of me or hadn't forgotten that I was coming. I was quite relieved when I arrived at Mary's house to find her, clad in her working clothes, working vigorously to clean up the side of the house which I was to share with her. We promptly started to argue about something very important (at least it seemed important at the time) and thus we established ourselves upon a familiar footing without any trouble at all.

I was immediately plunged into such vital things as pageants and plans for field day and the grading of papers When I finally succeeded in cornering Mary she alternately made fun of my fears that I had not done well in my exam and assured me that I would be able to speak very acceptably at commencement. Since she took such an attitude, there seemed to be nothing I could do about the whole situation, and so I braced up and determined to go to the slaughter with a smile upon my lips. The next two days I spent going back and forth from whatever important was happening in the house or church, and the water tower, which was the only quiet and deserted place I could find in which to mutter my few words of wisdom and advice for my class. They seemed pretty flat by the time I stood up to speak, but that is another story.

Much to my regret I was informed that the final pageant rehearsal had taken place the morning before we arrived. The next thing on the program was the party for the graduates which was to be held on the lawn that evening. We finally managed to get all the plates and chairs there. And then Annis and I were told that we had to sit down and make polite conversation. It was an early established rule that we had to speak Kikongo so that everyone could understand everything that was said. That added to

the fun, for anyone who forgot had to pay outlandish fines. When it was too dark outside to see we went into the house and proceeded to sing. The Banza Manteke boys can outsing any group in Congo, or in America, for that matter. It was a great joy for me to be able to watch them again as they sang, There is such joy on their faces when they sing, and there are four boys in particular in that class who love to sing and do it very well.

Saturday morning we got ready for the pageant and for field day and made such important items as the sunshade for Pharoah's daughter. In the afternoon the whole school marched down to the playing field for gymnastics and a ball game. The newly organized band got them safely there in good rhythm. How those boys could play; and the girls, too, for there were girls in the band. It was a thrilling sight to see them all, first in the distance and then coming closer and closer. And we were all standing quite proudly when finally they all reached the field and proceeded to demonstrate their ability to march.

Then one of the boys' classes did exercises for us, to be followed by the girls' exhibition. When that was over we settled down to an exciting game of soccer. The ball kept splitting a seam and time had to be taken out to push it in again. (Balls are rare treasures out here.) To look at the players you would think them all close to death, or at least weaklings. Such an assortment of bandages they sported! From previous experience I knew that they were not as badly off as they looked. They hope thereby to scare their opponents, or at least lead them to think that the game is a walkover. They had to work hard for any points gained.

When that was over we rushed back to the house to assist such illustrious persons as Pharoah and Moses and Joshua into their bear ds and robes. You must admit that that is quite a responsibility. When they were all properly attired we went over with them to the outdoor stage prepared on the little hill between the church and the school. The Israelites finally succeeded in marching out of Egypt; and they were soon discouraged enough to worship the goldencalf; and Moses broke

the tablets of stone into hundreds of little pieces. As usual, I was transported to the scene of action. I felt the unhappiness in the home of the baby Moses over the brutal law of Pharaoh. I pleaded with Pharoah's daughter as she tried to persuade him to allow her to bring up the child Moses. I almost wept when Moses came back with the laws to find his People had forsaken their God. It was all quite a harrowing but a happy experience. And later on, when we received all the beards and robes, Annis and I relieved our feelings by decorating the house with Pharaoh's daughter's parasol and going through various antics not at all in keeping with the traditional picture of missionaries, only to be interrupted by Tata Malutama, the headman of the station. We meekly subsided and slunk away into the shadows.

Now Sunday was a different day altogether In the morning those students who were finishing their sixth year and who were to go out to teach a year or enter the seventh were the heroes of the occasion. Various members spoke and Martin Engwall preached the sermon. And all the time I sat in a daze wondering if the few things I had planned to say would make sense.

When the morning service was over there was the last minute rush to fix the diplomas. They very thoughtfully managed me so that I forgot to worry too much. Before we knew it it was time to dress and then Mary led me quite calmly and efficiently off to the fray. It was quite a comforting thought to know that she would lead the service and that if anything should happen she would be right there to take care of the situation. The two boys who spoke for our class in the afternoon were my personal friends and it was interesting to see what men they had become. No longer were they the boys I had known but full grown men, men of which anyone could and should be proud

I was not there when I spoke. I do know that I turned to face my class and thus forgot the crowds out there in the audience. The rest of the time I was sitting up on a bit of the scaffolding watching everything going on with disinterested eyes and wondering how Mary could go on

smiling. I could hear me going on with my speech, but part of the time I didn't even listen. I had heard it before. When it was over and I was safe in my chair once again it was quite interesting to watch the men come up and receive their diplomas. I was somewhat disappointed because I didn't receive one myself, but I felt better when I remembered that I had been asked to sign all of them with the other dignitaries.

What more is there to say? Those of us who received diplomas cherish them greatly to this day. All of us have entered upon our chosen work. Some of us are again in class. Some of us plan to continue our schooling in the future Some are teaching and doing various other kinds of work to help our people here in Congo. All of us received a vision there at Banza Manteke of the great purposes our God and Father has for the people here and all over the world. We shall not soon forget that because we have such a vision our responsibilities are very great. But we can not be discouraged, because we do not walk alone. Our Father is with us.

* * *

And that is the tale of the graduation of the the class of 1946. This particular class was at Banza Manteke. But other classes of 1946 graduated all over the country of Congo. Another one of my classes will graduate here at Leopoldville in September. Moanza and Sona Bata, Vanga and Kikongo also graduated classes. In these young men the vision of God here in Congo looms very large, and they will not soon or easily forget its challenge. THEY are the hope our world.

PHIYLLIS BENNER

## THE LORD IS RISEN!

The Lord is risen indeed in the hearts of our dark skinned Vanga friends, and the song "Fuluka, fuluka, halleluyah fuluka" "He is risen, He is risen, Halleluyah He is risen" still rings out over the station as they rejoice again in the true meaning of Easter! Easter meant a great deal more to me this year than ever it has meant before, and I am sure that many others feel the same. We wanted very much to help our people to understand the true meaning

of Easter, so we started a full week in advance to prepare their hearts for it. One of my Albion friends sent me a set of very beautiful, oil painted felt figures and backgrounds large enough to be clearly seen from the back of our big church. We used these in five o'clock vesper services. Monday I talked on the meaning of the broken body of Christ as Margaret Jump put the scene of the last supper on the big board. Tuesday the scene was Gethsemane and the talk was on love and surrender. But on Wednesday we felt we just couldn't talk. The scene was Calvary, and it was so beautiful that we felt man's words would only desecrate it, so we asked Dr. Osterholm to read the whole Crucifixion story in Kihungana to the people while they sat and looked at the picture. That was best of all! Thursday afternoon we took communion sitting in family groups and thinking of that last meal the Christ shared with his loved disciples. Dorothy had planned a pageant, depicting the whole passion week, to be held out on the hillside, for Friday afternoon, but it began to rain just as we began, so we postponed it until Saturday wondering about the words, "All things work together for good." Saturday the crowd was much larger and the pageant was lovely. Kohto, our Vanga pastor, read the Bible version in Kihungana while the actors pantomimed the scenes. Our single teachers planned the Easter sunrise service out on the hillside with an open tomb and angels in glistening white sitting beside it. The service was very effective. At eight o'clock we held a baptismal service for around 100 people from our Vanga Post and school children, then around 10:00 we adults, about 2,000 of us, all gathered on the hillside for our Easter service. Chester Jump preached and Kohto translated into Kihungana so that our guests would understand too. Dorothy had a service for the 1000 children in the big church at the same time. A bit of amusement occured at the close of the service when some 700 or more adult christians tried to enter the church for the communion service without first allowing the 1000 children to leave. Most of our guests left shortly after the communion service so that the Sunday afternoon vesper service was

composed of our station family again. This time we read the whole resurrection story and used two scenes on our flannel—board; the first was the resurrection scene, then we changed it to the ascension scene. All through these Vesper services the people came in quietly, looked at the board while the talk was being given, listened to the choir special, then went out with bowed heads, not speaking until they reached their homes.

Thus Easter ended, but the Easter song of resurrection and hope is still singing its way through our hearts. Every day we rejoice with wonder and humility that God, from all his millions, granted to us the great privilege of being His Ambassadors in Congo. The other day a man died down at the hospital, and his non-christian friends began the horrible African death-wail. Many of my girls knew him and their hearts were sad, but we sat around our camp-fire that night and sang our resurrection song and talked of the meaning of death in Christ and of the joy that could come to our hearts even at death because we know that "Because Christ lives, we too shall live!" My girls listened to my testimony that night as they have never listened before because they knew that, since my darling little black Bukaka died, I knew whereof I spoke.

Our prayer is that both our village people, who have returned and our boys and girls, soon to return to their village, will be able to carry with them a ringing testimony of the reality of the Risen Lord in their lives and in their words.

DORIS M. WISEMAN

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CONGO

If anyone had told me that I would be writing my "First Impressions of Congo" in the woolen shirt I used to wear skiing, I know I would have thought him slightly unbalanced, or at least greatly mistaken. Never-the-less, here I sit in my flannel shirt, feeling perhaps that my greatest surprise upon arrival is that the climate is neither so different nor so difficult as had been my former wierd impressions of Africa. And I certainly never expected to feel cool, except possibly in the

rainy season!

Then too, the physical features of the land itself cause me often to wonder. The landscape seems to present an entirely different geological story than that of New Hampshire, and when we ride up the Congo River and pass through mountains that have been cut in two by the force of the water, and see thousands of grave-stone shaped rocks standing along the banks, all leaning in an angle which accords perfectly with the strata of the mountains above, I should like to know when and how this work of nature began, and what changes the future will bring.

And the language! It must be a simply wonderful feeling to have all the classes come naturally! -and to have all the pronouns fall in their own places! -and be able to transport a whole thought in one (not so simple) word! I still feel that definite action should be taken on the part of our board to insure all new candidates of the opportunity of being born out here in order to learn the language by a really direct method! But seriously, I have the highest esteem for the Kikongo language, and I enjoy it thoroughly. think it is very logical in its, construction, and more than that, to me it is representative of the mind of a great people.

And then one day I went to Leo. I do not know exactly what I expected to find there, but little did I think of seeing so much modern architecture, so many familiar trade-names, or of being so well supplied for the needs of colonial tropical life. A sharp contrast is seen between the city and the surrounding country. Like her landscape, so the life and thinking of Congo's people are also changing. All about us we see evidences of the coming of the new into the realm of the old. A sewing machine in the midst of a village of mud houses - a well-conducted regional school in the midst of a comparitively illiterate community - a service of Christian worship being carried on while outside is easily heard the beating of the native dance drums. These are only a very few of the prominent contrasts which my four—and —a—half months in Congo have shown me.

I realize that you who have been out here some time

are much more aware to the needs of this changing land which has so impressed me than I myself am. However, as a member of the "baleke"(youth), I cannot help but think of the challenge that is presented to a new missionary. We see the changes that are taking place, and we want to help direct them into channels that will bring a beneficial result to the people of this land and changes worthy of the blessing of God. We see the youth of this land pushing forward, striving to get an education that will enable them to provide for themselves and their families, take an active and intelligent part in their community life, and impart to their brethren those things which will help them all to have a more abundant life. But again I have seen where this element of change has often gone too far or in the wrong direction. In their zeal for a new way of life, many have gone ahead without knowing the true source of this new way. Having returned from my first two Matondos, (Thanksgiving Meeting) I am more convinced than ever that Congo's young people, as well as her older ones, are searching for a Way which only we as Christians have to offer them in our Master's name.

ANNIS FORD

## "A NATIVE'S RETURN"

From time to time we asked Naomi how she felt about returning to the Congo after nine years. Since she was only four months old when she left it was not to be expected that she remember anything. She was enthusiastic about coming and claims not to have been a bit disappointed although in some respects she has had to change her conceptions.

Having flown from New York in fifty one hours it is natural that she should think that "it doesn't seem at all far from home." Leopoldville seems much larger than had been thought and much more beautiful-with the exception of the business section which looks much like that of any city at home. Naomi's impression of the Congolese as compared with the American Negro is striking. She finds the former cleaner, as a whole, more friendly and much more polite than their

brothers and sisters in America. She would make a difference, however, between the Christians and those who quite evidently are not. The former she finds "happier and more joyful" and the latter "tired and burdened."

Having stepped out of a Pan American Clipper it is not surprising that she considered the river boat "dreadfully slow" and often asked, "Why doesn't it go faster?" But it had its thrills. (Thanks to the hippos and monkeys which broke the monotony of the twelve day trip to Vanga.) The welcome extended there by all on the station was "very impressive" to not only Naomi. What seemed to impress her most was the orderliness with which it was conducted.

The road leading to Moanza "sure is bumpier than I expected" and the dense forests, contrary to her expectation, are confined to the valleys. The scenery thrilled her as we rode along. But the welcome at Moanza, her final destination overwhelming. She found her fellow-Basukus excited and enthusiastic to the extreme. But why shouldn't they be since they speak of her as "our child" and "our little sister"? Nor is the feeling entirely onesided for, says she, "Now I just want to stay here and help them."

T. E. BUBECK

# STATION NEWS

## KIKONGO NEWS NOTES

The return of the Smiths is still the great news item. They had a long and discouraging trip but did arrive. We hear much of Wayiza Robert who went on to school at Lubondai. We hear much of Plans for holidays, and all of us are looking forward to having a young boy around here again.

We held our first Kintuadi kia Vula (Fellowship Meeting) and feel it was a good beginning. All the churches but one

were represented, and that one could send no local delegates because a government representative was in the district, calling the people together. However, their pastor was here (he is also the pastor of another church). Louis Mawela, one of the senior pastors, was chosen chairman and did a good Job, even though at times he had to make use of old-fashioned Congo rights for elders rather than following accepted rules of order to keep the peace and stay within shouting distance of the point under discussion. Sound political insight was displayed, the nominating committee was composed of young and uninfluential members which left the older ones free to be nominated for the important Jobs. The discussions were conducted in a good spirit, and the decisions reached will really further the church. The delegates all went home very happy over the meeting.

School opening was delayed, on doctor's orders, till help had arrived. Upon return of the students. graduation exercises were held for three boys who had finished the second degree school work at Christmas time. White visitors included the administrator, two commercial men, and Mr. and Mrs. Colldén from the Swedish Baptist mission at Bendela. Mr. Colldén gave the main address, and the administrator graciously expressed the satisfaction of the government at educational progress as he gave out the diplomas. We have real hopes of keeping all three boys in definite Christian work.

We are very much pleased at the way our newest recruit, Gertrude Anderson, (loaned to us from Burma), is digging into both the language study and the job. She expects to go back to Burma some day, but is preparing to take her Kikongo language examinations anyway. So far, her special interests are the medical work, pastoral visitation among the patients the school girls, the orphans, a Sunday School class, and gospel team work. Considering that she has been here only four months, we wonder what she will be undertaking by the end of the first year.

It is always a pleasure for us to have Dr. Osterholm come to Kikongo. As soon as the people know he is com-

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

ing, the patients begin to gather, and he always finds plenty to keep him busy. But he is not only in great demand for his medical skill, his singing is appreciated too. This time he gave us a musical evening in the church, to the very real pleasure of all the inhabitants of Kikongo.

B. W. ARMSTRONG

* * *

We have had quite a good deal of trouble with sickness at Kikongo. Since February we have discovered tuberculosis in two school boys and two married women, one of whom is the headmaster's wife. Between the Foreami and the Mission we are trying to work out some good plan of segregation. We have also had several cases of spinal meningitis in the district, one resulting in the death of a baby at our hospital. Although school was ending about the middle of May we had to keep the school children another week in a sort of quarantine, which included Mrs. Smith as she had cared for the baby. To the relief of all it was finally found that it was a non-epidemic form of the disease. During this time we made an evening trip to see the Foreami Doctor at Fayala. We found lying in the road in front of his house what seemed to me like a huge hippo though I was informed it was only a young one. After admiring its thick hide huge hoofs and immense mouth, we were given some to take home. I at least found it very delicious eating.

As we learned that Miss Agnes Anderson was returning to work at the hospital before Miss Grace Cooper was returning for the school, Mrs. Smith is now working at the hospital and I have been working at the school the last two months. I have found the school children bursting with energy which we are trying to direct into useful and happy channels. Towards the end of school, the girls had a sports day with flat races, thread and needle races and some funny stunts. The next Saturday was the boys' Sports Day, with broad jump, high jump, shot put and racing, finishing off with the riot of the peanut grab. The winners received small prizes and all had peanut brittle to eat. The next Saturday there was a concert on the football ground with farewell

songs, two plays, the Pied Piper and a folk tale, a rather helter skelter girls' drill and a more orderly boys' drill. Our good time included admonitory speeches by Mrs. Smith and the headmaster Kiba Pierre. During the past few months Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Armstrong had given inspiring and deeply moving chapel talks which culminated at the closing of school. We open again in August, with more scholars which presents a housing problem and increasingly better material we hope.

Towards the end of May, Mr. Smith went to Kikwit to pick up his son Bobby, who had arrived from his school in Lubondai. On the way back he included the Moanza Missionaries in his carload, as they had no other way of getting out of Moanza to go to the Conference in June at Leopoldville. We at Kikongo were very glad to see the Bubecks, father, mother and daughter Naomi, newly arrived from America, Miss Eva Shepard who had recovered well from her attack of appendicitis, and Miss Alice Jorgenson who had been cheerfully carrying many burdens in the past few months. After a few days, happy visit in Kikongo the Moanza folks escorted by Mr. Smith started off to get the boat for Leopoldville at Banningville. About half an hour after they had left we received a telegram by runner that there would be no place on the boat, but it was too late to catch the car. As the car did not have unlimited capacity, if they all had to return, only part of us could go to Conference. However the day before we were to go to Leopoldville by car, Mr. Smith returned with word that all of them got a chance to go down, sleeping on deck. So the rest of us set out for conference after a mad rush of preparation, for the four day car ride overland.

The Armstrongs are leaving Kikongo for a short holiday in Urundi, a cool and pleasant place in the far east of Belgian Congo. They had been doing so much at Kikongo with a willing and devoted spirit that it will be hard to get along without them from a personal point of view as well as from the point of view of the work. We wish them a happy holiday.

G. R. ANDERSON

## VANGA NEWS ITEMS

Vanga is being mostly held down by women these days since A.C. spends about half of his time visiting Kikongo and Chet has divorced Margaret and married himself to his village work. (Oh, occasionally he takes her with him for a few days so that the insects will leave him alone and eat her.) We all about decided to forgive him though when we found out that he had personally examined 1693 people of whom 854 were passed and baptized. That doesn't include all the girls I examined of whom 10 passed or the 2 who Bill passed but had not yet baptised. Our hearts are rejoicing over these many new christians.

The biggest social event of late on our calendar was the arrival of the Bubecks. We had car trouble so that they had to stay with us for 3 days! We say "Welcome home to Congo! We noted a slight change in Naomi since she left Congo.

DORIS M. WISEMAN

## LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

Something is always happening at Leopoldville. If it isn't the arrival of new missionaries it is something else equally exciting, such as struggling with customs officials. But these last few months have brought unusual activity and excitement to us.

Our own Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Watkins and their children, Charlotte, Minnie Jean and Daniel left us the first of May to go first to England to spend the summer months with his family and then on to America to spend the rest of their furlough. During their absence, Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown are at Leopoldville to do the work of the mission treasurer.

The first of March Miss Meroe Morse arrived by Pan American to help in the office of the mission treasurer, thus to relieve him of many of the details of the work so that he might assume more of the work of Leopoldville station. We were very happy to have her come and it is with a great deal of sorrow that we have to add the news that due to ill health she was forced to return to America the last of June

after being with us only four months. We had hoped that she might fit happily and effectively into our work here and we were very unhappy to see her go so soon.

At the A.B.F.M.S. Conference the middle of June Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong were assigned, as mission secretary to Leopoldville. We are very happy to welcome them to our work here and are sorry that such a short period remains of their term before their furlough is due (next spring).

In spite of changes these last few months the work of Leopoldville goes on. I think there is no doubt but what the changes have awakened us and our people here. Change is good for anyone New ways of doing things wake us up.

Until just recently the church of Leopodville had been organized in two separate units, one for the upriver group who speak Lingala, and one for the down river people who speak Kikongo. The Kikongo group was overwhelmingly larger than the other, but sometimes, very often, in fact, lagged behind in zeal. For some time it had been apparent that our division was hindering us, and so, in the month of May, we erased all such lines. Now we are one church. We do everything together, and are made stronger thereby.

The Leopoldville church has put on a new lease of life in the form of a coat of paint on the inner walls. Now we are white, with a touch of tan as a border at the bottom, and we have almost forgotten our former drab coat of cement color. We are a church now, and all of us here delight in it.

The first of June, Inspector Ney, a government inspector, made a preliminary survey of the protestant schools in Leopoldville, and we were one of the three visited. It was a new experience for us, one which will prove very valuable when our school year is over and we can begin the much needed work of reorganizing our school program. He spent the whole morning with us and examined very thoroughly our programs, books, and the students.

We are happy in the selection of our head teacher and our right hand man, Jean Lubikulu, to be one of the two representatives of the natives of the A.B.F.M.S. at the coming West

Africa Conference to be held at Leopoldville this month. He is one of the leading men of our mission, has had a long fruitful service with us both at Banza Manteke and here at Leopoldville, and will contribute a lot, we feel, to the Conference. And he is young enough, being only in his early forties, to serve another twenty years with us that the work may reap the results of the Conference upon his thinking and experience.

We have been very happy to welcome Mr. Dana Albaugh and Dr. Catherine Mabie to Leopoldville again. They have both been out to Belge (the native city) several times and the people rejoice in the opportunity to see and visit with them again.

We are looking forward to our annual Thanksgiving meetings to be held here in August and September; and about the middle of September we anticipate the graduation of our top class in school, which class consists of ten members.

PHYLLIS BENNER.

## SONA BATA NEWS

The graduating exercises for both the medical school and the boarding school were happy occasions this year. Dr. Haddad the government doctor, Mr. Coxill and Miss Liddell of the Congo Protestant Council, and Miss Morse of our own mission at Leopoldville were the guests for E.P.A.M.A.C. graduation. At the boarding school graduation, June 6th, Mr. & Mrs. Salmon of the B.M.S. mission at Leopoldville were guest speakers. Two other important visitors that day were Dr. & Mrs. Kellersberger of the American Mission to the Lepers who had come to see our Sona Bata Leper Colony.

In March, Mr. & Mrs. Abbott and their two little boys moved to Sona Bata to join our staff. This couple added to the staff of Dr. & Mrs. Tuttle, Mr. & Mrs. Metzger, Miss Jennings and Miss Vendla Anderson made us begin to feel more like a mission station instead of a "ghost town". The coming to Congo and to Sona Bata of Mrs. & Mrs. Leonard Gittings and their four boys added to this feeling, although this healthy condition of the staff

was of only short duration. After conference the Abbotts moved to Banza Manteke to take up their share of the evangelistic work there. Mr. & Mrs. Metzger left the middle of July for Leopoldville on their way to America for furlough. With Dr. Tuttle and Mr. Gittings away attending the joint native and mission conference at Vanga, and Miss Anderson visiting all of the schools out in the district, Sona Bata again becomes a lightly populated place.

Sona Bata has the good fortune to be on the only auto road connecting the far out reaches of the rest of Belgian Congo with the capital city of Leopoldville. It is the logical stopping place for anyone coming from the Kwango River area or to the east of it. So in July we had the pleasure of entertaining many of the delegates driving to and from Leopoldville for the West Central Africa Conference. To give all of their names and missions would be impossible, but some came from as far as Ruanda-Urundi.

During the West Central Africa Conference at Leopoldville, one day was set apart for sight-seeing. One group of delegates came to Sona Bata, some by car, and some by train, to see our work. All seemed to enjoy the visit greatly.

So, visitors come and go, and the staff changes, but the Lord's work goes on growing. God is great and God is good, and we thank Him for His love and watch-care over us.

ROLAND G. METZGER

*Of Four Things that bring great Inward Peace.*

My son, now will I teach thee the way of peace and of true liberty.

O Lord, I beseech thee, do as thou sayest, for this is delightful to me to hear.

Be desirous, my son, to do the will of another rather than thine own. (*Mat.26;39*)

Choose always to have less rather than more, (*I Cor. 10:24)*

Seek always the lowest place, and to be beneath every one. (*Luke 14:10*)

Wish always, and pray, that the will of God may be wholly fulfilled in thee. (*Mat. 6:10*).

Behold, such a man entereth within the borders of peace and rest.

*The Imitation of Christ - Thomas à Kempis.*

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Thou Son of God most holy,
Who dwells in Light above,
One in the Triune glory
In boundless power and love.

Thou camest to light the darkness
By sin and sorrow cast,
Till man and ravaged nature
Shine fair and whole at last.

Thy light dispels the shadows
That haunt the paths of men.
And all who seek may follow,
Our Saviour and our Friend.

Thou Son of God most holy,
Who wast by sinners slain
One in the Triune glory
Dost dwell in light again.

*Meroe F. Morse.*

Suggested by the brilliance of the tropical day.
April-May 1946, Leopoldville-West Belgian Congo

## MY FRIEND BOKO

Recently I made a short itinerary among the Bamfunuka villages west of the Kwango river. We have two Bambala boys teaching in two of these, so I went to see them and to visit with the people. Our cook is a Mumbala and one who makes friends everywhere he goes. On itineraries, he pays for whatever food is brought, either for me or for the people with me. As the controller of the currency, he becomes of some importance.

In the village where we spent a weekend, the chief brought me a leg of antelope. It had been dead much too long to be of any use to me, but that did not in any way spoil it for the others. The chief was quite disappointed because he knows that food for the white man's use is apt to bring a better price than food for the local people. But Boko was diplomatic about it. He explained to the chief that I had been somewhat upset, that he had to be careful about my food, and that a nice chicken would be a help in overcoming my disappointment in not being able to eat the meat that the chief had brought. He further told of the disease which had wiped out the chickens on the Kikongo station and dwelt on the good fortune of the people of this village who seemed to have escaped the blight. The chief grunted and went along to get a chicken. When he returned with a small rooster, Boko was delighted. Why, it was just right! It was a rooster, and one would not mind killing it as he would a hen. It was just the right size to make one meal with enough left over to make a little soup for the next day. It had scales on its legs and wasn't very fat, so no doubt the chief would not want to present such a gift to the State Medical Agent who was arriving the following day. Now just wait a moment and he would go get the money to pay for the chicken. His white man was not one who wanted debts left around, no, it was better to pay for things immediately.

The local judge came along with a better chicken, and Boko had appropriate words for him He recalled some

favorable comment he had heard on justice as rendered by the judge in this village, and remarked on the amount and beautiful appearance of the fruit trees there citrus fruits, papayas, and nsafu. The judge glowed, sent a boy to pick a basket of fruit for the white man and reminded Boko that strangers never slept in hunger in his village.

Boko then condoned with the judge on the sad state of morals prevailing in this particular tribe, complimented him on the progress of so many of the school children, and rather pointedly wondered why the older people did not seem to have enough percepition to lay aside the old regime of fetish worship, fear of evil spirits, drunken feasts, and immoral dancing which led to so much evil. The judge had to admit to a small amount of fetishes for protection of the village, the children, the women, the gardens, against the lions, lightning, evil spirits, sickness, and so forth, but called attention to the Bamfunuka royal line, extending in an unbroken line down through the ages and the fetishes which had preserved this line even against the incoming horde of Bambala east of the Kwango. Boko gently asked where their TEACHER had come from. The judge was rather at a disadvantage, but he said the Bamfunuka boys are learning in school and will soon be able to replace these outsiders. Boko thought that men of such learning, good judgment, and responsible character as the chief, the assistant chief, and the judge, should now set themselves against anything harmful to the advancement of their children.

In a later meeting the judge demanded more support, better backing, and more personal consideration for the teacher. Possibly Boko is something more than a good cook and a good natured traveling companion.

B. W. ARMSTRONG

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

Beginning with the next issue of the Congo News Letter we expect to have a series of special numbers, making that a Medical issue, emphasizing the medical work of our mission here in Congo. Following that we hope to have special numbers in the following order: Educational; Evangelistic; Women's Work; Outstanding Congo Christians.

We should like to pass on to you who read this little magazine, news of the work we are doing here to develop the Church of Christ. We shall appreciate your prayers that the magazine may be used to that end. We are happy to send subscriptions to any who desire to receive copies.

## CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term

### BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Esther Ehnbom R.N.
Rev. & and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Annis Ford
Rev. & and Mrs. E. R. Abbott

### KIKONGO

Miss Gertrude Anderson
Rev. & and Mrs. C. E. Smith

### KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

### LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. Phyllis Benner
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong

### MOANZA

Miss Alice Jorgenson R N.
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs T. E. Bubeck

### SONA BATA

Miss Muriel Jennings (B.M.S.)
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. L. Gittings

### VANGA

Miss Dorothy Wiseman R.N.
Dr. A. C. Osterholm
Miss Doris Wiseman
Rev. and Mrs. C. Jump

---

### ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Rev. Ruth Dickey
Miss Agnes Anderson R.N.
Miss Emily Satterberg R.N.
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Mr. and Mrs .H. J. Watkins
Miss Mary Bonar
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger